In view of the unexampled popularity of the **"ARTEMUS WARD LETTERS,"** several of the earlier productions of the celebrated humorous "Showman" will be published in VANITY FAIR, to many of whose readers, it is believed, they will be entirely new. **"Joy in the House of Ward"** is given in the present issue, and **"Moses, The Sassy," "The Octoroon,"** &c., will follow.

VOL. 3. NO. 76.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JUNE 8,

1861.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM-SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

FISHING IN TROUBLED WATERS.

Uncle Sam.—WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT THERE?

J. Bull.—I—I—THOUGHT I WOULD JUST FISH A LITTLE AND SEE WHAT I COULD CATCH.

Uncle Sam.—YOU MAY CATCH SOMETHING YOU WON'T LIKE IF YOU DON'T MOVE ON. THIS STREAM IS A LITTLE TROUBLED NOW, AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE HELPING TO MUDDLE IT, ALL THE FISHING TO BE DONE HERE I CAN DO MYSELF.

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From the late Hon. Horace Mann.

July 29, 1850.

For many years, in all my writing, speaking, and teaching, I have endeavored to conform to the orthography and pronunciation as contained in Worcester's Dictionaries. I suppose them to represent the highest standard recognised by the best writers and speakers in England and in this country.

From Louis Agassiz, LL. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy.—More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

From Henry A. Boardman, D. D., of Philadelphia.

I particularly like it [the Dictionary]. 1. Because of its very comprehensive character. 2. Because it adheres to the settled orthography of our noble language—discarding those innovations which however countenanced by certain publishing-houses, have never, to any extent, been accepted by the scholars of our country. And 3, Because in the department of pronunciation it is greatly superior to any Dictionary with which I am acquainted.

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JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD.

DEAR SIRS :—I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of grate blis, and trust these lines will find you injoyin the same blessins. I'm reguvinated. I've found the immortal waters of yooth, so to speak, and am as limber and frisky as a two-year old steer, and in the futer them boys which sez to me "go up old Bawld hed," will do so at the peril of their hazard individoo-ally. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nights and larf! Sumtimes I ax myself "is it not a dream? & suthin withinto me sez "it air;" but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality—2 realitys, I may say—and I feel gay.

I returnd from the Summer Campane with my unparaleld show of wax works and livin wild Beests of Pray in the erly part of this munth. The peple of Baldinsville met me cordully and I immejitly commenst restin myself with my famerly. The other nite while I was down to the tavurn tostin my shins agin the bar room fire & amuzin the krowd with sum of my adventurs, who shood cum in bare heded & terrible excited but BILL STOKES, who sez, sez he, "Old WARD, there's grate doins up to your house."

Sez I, "WILLIAM, how so?"

Sez he "Bust my gizzurd, but its grate doins," & then he larfed as if heed kill hisself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austeer look, "WILLIAM I woodunt be a fool if I had common cents."

But he kept on larfin till he was black in the face, when he fell over on on to the bunk whare the hostler sleeps and in a still small voice sed, "Twins!" I ashure you gents that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was follered by a enthoosiastic throng of my feller sitterzuns, who hurrard for Old WARD at the top of there voises. I found the house chock full of peple. Thare was Mis SQUARE BAXTER and her three grown up darters, lawyer PERKINSES wife, TABERTHY RIPLEY, young EBEN PARSUNS, Deakun SIMMUNS folks, the Skoolmaster, Doctor JORDIN, etsettery, etsettery. Mis. WARD was in the west room, which jines the kitchin. Mis. SQUARE BAXTER was mixin suthin in a dipper before the kitchin fire, & a small army of female wimin were rushin wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of flannil, &c. I never seed sich a hubbub in my natral born dase. I cood not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, so I rusht out and ceased my dubbel barrild gun.

"What upon airth ales the man?" sez TABERTHY RIPLEY.

"Sakes alive, what air you doin?" & she grabd me by the coat tales. "What's the matter with you?" she continnerd.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!"

"I know it," sez she, coverin her face with her apun.

"Wall," sez I, "that's what's the matter with me!"

"Wall put down that air gun, you pesky old fool," sed she.

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and speakin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" sayin whitch I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed whare I blazed away until Square BAPTER's hired man and my son ARTEMUS Juneyer cum and took me down by mane force.

On returnin to the Kitchin I found quite a lot of people seated be4 the fire, a talkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Docter JORDIN, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," sed I, "2 eppisodes, waying about 18 pounds jintly."

"A perfeck coop de tat," sed the skoolmaster.

"E pluribus unum, in proprietor persony" sed I, thinking I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did if I wasn't a skoolmaster.

"It is indeed a momentious event," sed young EBEN PARSUNS, who has been 2 quarters to the Akademy.

"I never heard twins called by that name afore," sed I, "but I spose it's all rite."

"We shall soon have WARDS enuff," sed the editer of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who was lookin over a bundle of exchange papers in the corner, "to apply to the legislator for a City Charter!"

"Good for you, old man!" sed I, "giv that air a conspickius place in the next *Bugle*."

"How redicklus," sed pretty SUSAN FLETCHER, coverin her face with her knittin work & larfin like all posssest.

"Wall for my part," sed JANE MARIA PEASLEY, who is the crossest old made in the world, "I think you all act like a pack of fools."

Sez I, "Mis. PEASLEY, air you a parent?"

Sez she, "No, I aint."

Sez I, "Mis. PEASLEY, you never will be."

She left.

We sot there talkin & larfin until "the switchin nour of nite when grave yards yawn & Josts troop 4th," as old BILL SHAKESPIRE aptlee obsarves in his drainy of JOHN SHEPPARD, esq., or the Moral House Breaker, when we broke up & disbursed.

Muther & children is a doin well; & as Resolushuns is the order of the day I will feel obleeged if you'll insurt the follerin—

WHEREAS, two Eppisodes has happined up to the undersined's house, which is Twins; & WHEREAS I like this stile, sade Twins bein of the male perswashun & both boys; there4 Be it

Resolved, that to them nabers who did the fare thing by sade Eppisodes my hart felt thanks is doo.

Resolved, that I do most hartily thank Enjine Ko. No. 17 who, under the impreshun frum the fuss at my house on that auspishus nite that thare was a konflagrashun goin on, kum galyiantly to the spot but kindly refraned frum squirtin.

Resolved, that frum the Bottum of my Sole do I thank the Baldinsville brass band fur givin up the idea of Sarahnadin me, both on that great nite & sinse.

Resolved, that my thanks is doo several members of the Baldinsville meetin house who fur 3 whole dase hain't kalled me a sinful skoffer or intreeted me to mend my wicked wase and jine sade meetin house to onct.

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with meny kind emoshuns tords the follerin individoouls, to whit namelee—Mis. Square BAXTER, who Jenerusly refoozed to take a sent fur a bottle of camfire; lawyer PERKINSES wife who rit sum versis on the Eppisodes; the Editer of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty* who nobly assisted me in wolluppin my Kangeroo which sagushus little cuss seriusly disturbed the Eppisodes by his outrajus screetchins & kickins up; Mis. HIRUM DOOLITTLE who kindly furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time when it wasunt konvenient to cook vittles at my house; & the PEASLEYS, PARSUNSES & WATSUNSES fur there meny ax of kindness.

Trooly yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

Just as They Please.

A Southern paper speaks of the "Iron Men of the South." This is rather like making Hardware of them. Very well; let them Be Ware!

An article which we hope will soon be spoken of as the "Light of Other Days."

The Red Taper.

Wicked In-tents.

The Rebel Soldiery.

FRIENDLY AID.

Mr. C.—FRIEND BROAD, I KNOW YOU TAKE A GREAT INTEREST IN THIS WAR, SO SHOULD BE HAPPY TO HAVE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE VOLUNTEER FUND.

Friend B.—THEE KNOWS FRIEND CASH, I CANNOT GIVE THEE MONEY FOR WAR, BUT IF $50 WILL HELP THE GOVERNMENT POLICE, IT IS THINE.

Curious Entomological Fact.

A letter from England—quite a private letter—informs us of a singular fact lately observed in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. It is already known that, on account of the news from America, many of the spinners had stopped working, shutting up their factories for the summer. On entering one of those buildings after it had been closed for some days, the proprietor was astonished to find it swarming with myriads of flies; investigation into the cause, of which circumstance disclosed the extraordinary fact that *the spiders had left off spinning and retired from active life.* Such is the marvellous sympathy by which the lower animal is linked to man!

Non Angli, sed Angeli.

Mr. DUDLEY MANN, the English Commissioner of the S. C., on his arrival in London, dropped a line to Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, in the hope that he would bite at the new Southern Loan. The great fish had no fancy for the bait, having already had a hook in his gills, in the shape of half a million of Repudiated Mississippi Bonds. He then angled for the ROTHSCHILD, but his success with the Baron was barren indeed.

The last that was seen of the fisher Mann, he was at the British Museum, studying, what he supposed was a work on finance—"Cotton's Angler!"

Latest from South Carolina.

We learn that the first of the Canard line of steamers to run between Charleston and Liverpool is to be called the Sea Gull. The vessel will be launched as soon as she is completed, and will sail as soon as she is ready, which will probably be about the first of April.

THE CONCERT "SALOON."

A REMINISCENCE.

Bright glare the lanterns from the door
  Athwart the street's distracting din;—
We leave the mud and crowd and roar,
  To thread the trampled passage in.

Along the winding stair they stand,
  White statues of the forms of old,
A moonlike light in each fair hand
  Upon a gilded wand they hold.

Not marble, yet as white as snow,—
  Cheap plaster,—but the beauty known
In Greece, an hundred lives ago,
  They copy from the antique stone.

Such stately, graceful forms were seen
  By Numa, in the fountain-cave,
By Paris, on the summit green,
  Or wise Ulysses by the wave.

When first of sculptor's chisel born,
  At temple doors their lamps they held
To greet, in Europe's classic morn,
  The men renowned in tales of eld.

Behold the use they serve at last,
  In this, our boasted later day!
The lustre from their hands is cast
  On every idler from Broadway.

Walk in! each street-bred bit of earth,
  With face that marks its low intent;
Walk in! each youth of rustic birth,
  On "city life by gaslight" bent!

Walk in! the bones and banjo sound,
  The barelegged dancer skips the floor,
Coarse women hand the liquor round
  Which vine or hop-yard never bore.

The clown recites the threadbare joke,
  The actor rants with lungs of brass,
The audience, in their gathering smoke,
  Grin, stamp, and sip the doctored glass.

And still the vestal statues stand
  Above the low companions boon,
And shed, from each uplifted hand,
  A radiance like the winter moon.

Lilliputia.

The *Confederative*—a daily sheet published in Montgomery, advertises for a "little capital." We had thought that Montgomery itself was just the tiniest little capital in the world; but there is no satisfying these secessionists.

No Splits

If other regiments will be found serviceable in Cutting and Slashing, the Empire City Regiment will certainly prove inimitable at picking up the Chips.

The Difference.

In the old fables, the Pelican bled herself to feed her young. Now, the Pelican is more given to Bleeding others.

Tennyson's Opinion of the "Daily News."

"I hate the dreadful Hollow behind our little Wood!"

ARMY CONTRACTORS!

JOBBING contractors! attend
while I sing
In terms the reverse of applausive,
Responding to howls through the country that ring
Your atrocious proceedings because of.

Come, blush for this beef that, with curses, the cook
Of our mess to a *bouilli* converted,
Such carrion perhaps, may be *bouilli* for you,
Though you should be ashamed to assert it.

For, supposing the meat to reply were allowed,
When some diner of dubious digestion
Inquired, "Were thy brows e'er with horns endowed?"
It would promptly say "neigh" to the question.

And, morning and evening, while on the parade
We manœuvre—'twere folly to hide it—
The clothing of many, of all, I'm afraid,
By the boys is obscenely derided.

So rotten, in fact, is our second-hand cloth,
That to brace it we vainly endeavor;
'Tis plainly, indeed, the strong-hold of the moth,
But for buttons no strong-hold whatever.

No wonder the boys contumeliously greet
Our spotty, scorbutic attire,
Which not even the quacks could successfully greet
Who eruptions to crush out aspire.

And well may we believe what our chaplains declare,
How the following notice is fitted
To the gates of the Good Place high up in the air—
"No Jobbing Contractors Admitted."

Military Barber-ism.—North versus South.

A Richmond Journal says:

"A negro man who accompanied one of the South Carolina regiments to this city, wears a Sword, with which he says he intends to cut off a lock of 'Old Abe Linkum's hair for a lady in Souf Car'lina.' He made a solemn pledge to perform this tonsorial operation, and will fulfil it *if he gets a chance*."

If the "Lady from Souf' Car'lina" has staked her hopes of future happiness upon the possession of that lock, we pity her! But not to be behind-hand with the female chivalry of the "Souf," we beg to assure our Richmond contemporary that we know of a number of white men, from this vicinity, who also "wear Swords" with which they propose to cut all the hair off the head of JEFF DAVIS, for the benefit of many Northern Ladies. The only difference between their mode of operation and that of the negro sword-bearer is, that to save needless trouble they intend to take off the head with the hair. And we can't help but think our friend's "chance" rather the best!

Like Hot Potatoes.

A "Confederated" Senator recently said that he had kept a bold face on, when the soldiers left his native town, but he had 'dropped many tears, in private." JEFF DAVIS, too, sympathetic creature, will have to Drop some Private-tears, soon!

A BOSTON INSTITUTION.

In Boston there are Institutions. What *Institutions* are the intelligent public need not be informed. One could not name all the institutions of Boston in a short paragraph. They are often alluded to incidentally in V. F., and these allusions are invariably attended with rounds of applause from the readers of V. F., which, we may remark *en passant*, is in itself an institution. But a new institution has sprnng up in Boston. It is the "up-town bookstore;" a *soi-disant* Mudie's, and runs a circulating library; the place where you can buy your stationery and have that elegant color-stamping done as well as GIMBLET can do it, (*vide* the bulletins in the Boston papers.) The advertisements which emanate from it are *sui generis*. They are valuable as repositories of fact; but it is not alone in fact that they deal. They theorize, they generalize, they dogmatize, they epigrammatize, and woe is us, they *ungrammatize*. They advise too, and now and then, as the subjoined specimen will show, they advise things difficult, not to say impracticable. Here is the last:

"Every able-bodied person, in and out the city, should form themselves into Drill Clubs, and get a copy of HARDEE'S Tactics, the best manual to be had, and post themselves upon all military movements and evolutions.

Over 1000 men are drilling daily at Col. SALIGNAC'S famous Military School. He teaches this system with the most marvelous success. His praise is on every lip. Let every man get a copy of the HARDEE'S Rifle and Light Infantry Tactics, study it up, and practice it wherever he can get an opportunity."

Alas for our dimmed perspicacity! we do *not* see it. V. F. demands to be present when "every able-bodied person shall form themselves into drill-clubs," and as censor of all the important discoveries, inventions, and progresses of the age, V. F. desires that a high stool may be provided from which he may witness the evolutions of this "able-bodied person," thus formed into drill-clubs. V. F. thinks it will in good sooth be a rare sight to see this "able-bodied person" advance by column, open and close ranks, break into platoons, and retreat in squads! And with what military precision and spontaneity of action this person will form themselves into a hollow square, and execute other like fantasias upon HARDEE and SCOTT! V. F. trusts that a patriotic fire will burn high in the breast of this "able-bodied person," and that their valuable services will with the greatest unanimity be tendered to the Federal Government to aid in quashing the *quashi* (lapsus, for *quasi*,) revolution of Mr. JEFF DAVIS. Let this institution be held answerable for the good conduct of these "able-bodied persons" thus urged to a career of arms.

But the "able-bodied person" have yet another, and mayhap, a severe task. Having procured HARDEE'S Tactics, he must devote themselves to posting themselves, and to do this effectually he must "study it up." Has Col. HARDEE, besides being a traitor to his flag, proved false to his vernacular, and written his "Tactics" in the Hebrew tongue? Else why study it *up?* *Voila une chose difficile*, to quote the elegant words of FREDERICK the Great. If HARDEE *must* be read from bottom to top of page, V. F. recommends that the "able-bodied person," for the better accomplishment of this difficult manœuvre, (or rather *eye-oeuvre*,) do stand upon their head, as all able-bodied persons are, or should be, qualified to do. He will thus find themselves in a better position for "studying it up."

But we would not repress the "institution." Though ungrammatical, yet timely is its appeal. Loud rings a peal (!!!!) from according bells throughout the land, summoning all true men of the North to get a copy of HARDEE'S Tactics, and to prepare themselves to practice its teachings not exactly "wherever they can find an opportunity," but rather when the opportunity shall seek out and find *them*, ready to defend their country's cause.

Letters from the People.—No. 1.

FROM A CITIZEN OF CHATHAM STREET.

"SHENTLEMANS:—Var has made Clodings very sheap. I loof the coundry so much I makes my kirls vork almos' for notting so I can kiff my frens cood pargains. I will sell you a coat so sheap you vill not peleef me. I kiff a suit for 'pout the prishe of a coot choke in your paper. Coom and see me. I shtand in front of my shtore, vhere I valks for exercise all the times."

MOSES.

Pleased with its Wigfall.

We read in the Galveston (Texas) *News* that:

"Senator WIGFALL is a gentleman of vast pluck. He never flinched in the hour of danger, and he has been in very tight places."

We know he has been in places very Tight, but are not so sure about his pluck.

TO

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

OF THE

PHILADELPHIA HOME-GUARD

GREETING.

1*st Crow.*—Oh—O-h-h-i! never was so sc-scared b-be-fore. What is it?

2*d Crow.*—W-why that's the B-bon-ton, P-pleasant-ton, H-home Guard hat.

CHORUS BY THE BEREAVED CROWS.

Caw, caw! we had [illegible]
And can't steal co[illegible] it is there,
Somebody take it o[illegible]hat—
That bon-ton, pleasant-ton,
Home Guard H[illegible]

SHARPSHOOTING AND THE LONG BOW.

Messrs. Editors:—I cut the following from the *Savannah Republican*, as serving to show the inefficiency of the Southern soldiery. I have from the first believed that their Aims were bad:

"Monday last the captain of the Banks County Guards ordered a trial of skill in shooting by his corps. The plan adopted was putting up a hat as a mark and ordering his men to march from it one hundred yards, when they were to turn and fire without hesitation. After the trial had been completed, seventy-four men having fired, the hat was brought to the captain, and sixty bullet holes were found to have been made. No preparation had been made, as the contest was an impromptu affair."

If the Confederacy is to rely upon such shooting as this, Messrs. Editors, the days of the rebellion are numbered.

On Monday last, I, the captain of the Bobtail Penguins, Regiment of Submarine Lancers, ordered a trial of skill in shooting by my corps. The plan adopted was putting a hat upon the spout and ordering the men to march as far away from it as they could, when they were to turn without hesitation, and fire in various directions. After the trial had been completed, the hat was brought to me, and was found to contain two pawn-tickets, a bandana handkerchief, several large bricks, and the manufacturer's name. There were no bullet-holes in it, but as the muskets were only loaded with powder, I did not think it strange. No preparation had been made, as the contest, hat, spout, and in fact, the story itself, were all impromptu affairs.

This, Messrs. Editors, is strictly and literally true, but if the *Savannah Republican* man will withdraw his story and apologize, I am willing to take mine back and treat.

Yours, Capt ARROWSMITH.

Live-Oak George, Again.

It is reported that the Hero of the Gridiron (not the flag but the bill,) is going to raise a regiment. Here's a chance for those who are in favor of Martial Law.

Hit Him Again.

Speaking of the great FLOYD, F. F., (fugitive financier) who has lately been appointed a Brigadier General in the Rebel Army, one of our Southern exchanges says, "he succeeded in clearing himself of the charges made against him." It may be so, though we doubt it, but we have another charge to make against him and his fellow traitors, which they will find difficult to clear off, and that is—Charge Bayonets!

An Arkansas Pike.

We read with satisfaction of the daily seizure of secession muskets and pikes by the Government forces. While they are about it, we recommend to their notice one especial pike, more dangerous than all those found at Baltimore. This is a certain ALBERT PIKE, who is engaged in raising a legion of savages to scalp and tomahawk his christian countrymen. We think Judge LYNCH the man for his case.

When!

The secessionists having given up the Fourth of July together with Yankee Doodle and the Star Spangled Banner, propose, when they have captured Washington *(when!)* to change its name to Arnolds-ville, in grateful memory of their great prototype BENEDICT.

The Dred Scott Decision.

The decision of the seceders in regard to an attack on Washington seems to be the real Dread Scott decision.

Bound Lee-ward to Davis' Locker.

The Confederate Army.

The Ladle and the Lancet.

A daily cotemporary suggests the organization of a battalion of "army-cooks, who can also shoulder a musket when the emergency comes." This is an excellent idea. The transition from skewering the succulent food to spitting the enemy on a bayonet would be easy and natural. For such a battalion the Kettle-drum would be a very appropriate instrument of music, considering it in connection with the process of cooking the enemy's goose.

Another subject of great importance to the army has also been canvassed—that of vaccination. To secure the inestimable benefit of this process for our brave soldiers, we would suggest the formation of a surgical corps of Lancers, who, when not occupied in inoculating their patients with the Lancet, might be employed in touching up the insurgents with the Lance—the point of which is that Vaccine would speedily Cow the enemy.

Rather Paradoxical.

A recent English paper says it is indebted for tidings of the foundering of the brig "Wildrake" to the Captain's wife, who was the only soul saved. Now we should like to know how a Captain's wife can report her husband's vessel Lost at sea if she found(her) there.

Tight Soldiers.

There are no Lieutenant Colonels in the Secessionist army. They are all Full Colonels—Full of whiskey. Their Full uniforms, which are quite Tight, are lined with whiskey; and a gin cock-tail is worn in the hat.

A Pearl for Pearl Street.

We learn by last dispatches from the seat of war that the Rebels in Virginia are strengthening Harper's Ferry. We wouldn't mind a few of them here if they would only strengthen *Harper's Weekly*.

NOT THE CHEESE.

JOHN BULL RAT.—I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A NIBBLE AT THAT TEMPTING MORSEL ; WHAT DO YOU SAY ?
LOUIS NAPOLEON RAT. —WELL, SUPPOSE YOU GO IN AND TRY IT ; IT DOES LOOK INVITING, BUT I'M NOT HUNGRY JUST NOW

XUM

KING COTTON.

[After Béranger.]

I.

See this new king who comes apace,
And treats us like a conquered race;
He comes from Dixey's Land by rail,
His throne a ragged cotton bale.
On to the White House straight,
He's marching—rather late,
Clanking along the land,
The shackles in his hand.
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

II.

"White niggers, mudsills, Northern scum,
Base hirelings hear me, and be dumb,
What makes this country great and free?
'Tis me, I tell you, only me!
Beware, then, of my might,
Nor dare dispute my right,
Or else you'll find some day
There'll be the devil to pay!
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

III.

Dare you dispraise my royal parts,
And prate of Freedom, Commerce, Arts?
What are they to my pedigree?
Why, Adam was an F. F. V.!
My arms, (a whip, ye fools,
Above a blood hound, *gules*!)
Declare my house and birth—
The king of kings on earth!
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

IV.

Paupers, who can resist me? None!
My wife's a pew in Washington:
My youngest son—he looks like me—
Will be in Congress soon, (S. C.)
His brother, Colonel Fuss,
Trained up by old U. S.
Tore down your dirty flag—
A General now with Bragg!
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

V.

Let us alone, ye Federal crew,
Nor dare collect our revenue:
For gentlemen from earliest date,
Were never useful to the State.
Thanks to my forts, and guns,
My arsenals, (*yours*, once!)
I now can speak my mind,
As Ancient Abe shall find!
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off, to great King Cotton!

VI.

God's ministers, we fight for you:
Aid us, ye aid the Gospel too.
For you, beast-people, (clear the track!)
Still bear our saddles on your back!
We'll ride you all your lives:
Your daughters, too, and wives,
Shall serve us in our need,
And teach our girls to read!
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

VII.

Your musket, chaplain, (mind my toes!)
The smoke is incense in my nose!
On them, Confederates, great and small,
Down with the Union, death to all!
From my brave ancestry
These rights descend to me,
And all true Southern men,
World without end. Amen.
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off, to great King Cotton!

May 26th. 1860. R. H. Stoddard.

A COMPLAINT.

I wish to complain of a very old nuisance (yet, withal, a very young one, too); one which has furnished a theme for many and many a monody before, and which, I believe, will yet be sung again and again. My only excuse for treating so trite a subject, must be the woes I have endured on its account . . . an Account in which, I may say, there is nothing to my Credit.

Simply, then, I protest against Babies.

"Brute!" cries the feminine reader, and skips my article for the next.

But the husband, who still remembers how coldly the floor saluted his unshod feet, and how comfortless was his situation, in *sac-de-nuit* and nothing else, when he was aroused

"In the dead waste and middle of the night,"

to walk up and down, back and forth, with the stars pitilessly glimmering through the icy window-panes, upon him and his living, struggling . . . and squalling . . . burden!

The husband reads my article; and tacitly believes in me. He won't acknowledge it to his wife, though.

The Baby is not an ornamental object. It is not a useful object. Then what is it? As the original What-Is It? is said to be a connecting link, so I am fain to think, is the Baby . . . a connecting link between Humanity and Inanity.

Babies are goggle-eyed. You, fond mother, brooding, dove-like, over the cradle where your first-born cherub lies in smiling slumber, scorn me for that assertion; but it is true. Take a sudden glance at any little bald-headed, flop-eared, no-eyebrowed, boneless, shapeless epitome of man . . . except your own . . . and confess that, on a quick view, to an impartial observer, the visual effect of the Baby is of the goggle description.

They wear unwholesome flannel things, always wudged up under the arms and on the nape of the neck . . . or rather the crease where the nape should be. Their salivary glands are defective. They have no sense. They must be kissed. That, perhaps, is the worst characteristic they possess.

Who, in the name of all that is unlikely, first conceived the notion of kissing a Baby? A high-colored, shellless oyster, with rudimental indications of features, and a strong tendency to nettle-rash. Is this an osculatory subject? Not any! Yet what man of ordinary nerves, dare refuse, when the Baby is handed him to kiss? Not I, certainly, and *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*.

You, madame, will own that you have seen cases of Baby that were, to use the mildest word, unprepossessing. That child of Mrs. Jones, your neighbor . . . its head as white, and shiny, and hairless as a billiard-ball; with awfully anatomical veins meandering over it. Its half-open mouth, of stretchy appearance, eminently conducive to the erratic economies of the salivary glands beforementioned. Its black, unwinking eyes, like glass beads in a ball of putty. Its meaningless gibber and querulous wail! You know the child . . . and I observe that you don't kiss it, if you can help yourself. Madame, every week of my life, I have several just such beings presented me for admiration, and I am inevitably expected to bestow upon those skinny, clammy countenances, the highest pledge of affection, the sweetest seal of love eternal!

Do you know my idea of Paradise? It is a place where they get along without Babies. I want to go to Paradise!

* * *

A Friendly Joke.

The Hicksites of Baltimore are now trying to convince the Government they are really Orthodox. If the news of a conspiracy having been recently discovered there by the Government be true, many of the inhabitants will no doubt turn out to be real Quakers before long.

State of the Public Mind, just now.

Regi-mental.

IT ISN'T SO MUCH MATTER, A MERE MONKEY CLIMBING IN AT THE PARLOR WINDOW, ONCE IN A WHILE—BUT WHEN THE ORGAN-GRINDERS COME TO KEEP GORILLAS!

A WOR POME.

BI MR. K. N. PEPPER, ESQ.

Cum down, mi mews, youm wont to ever so mutch!
hev you forgot your Pepper? its rather likely.
Wen onct Domestic Hapiness cum & tetched
his Bleedin Hart, he shet down on his mews,
& giv her notis she cood disband herself
& retire onto a hansum penshun—wich he
hoaps you got reglar.

but wot doo we se at present?
& heer 2? likewais smel? yes; wot?
Wi, Wor! jest heer them Canons, &c., rore!
& heer them Patryotic yels! & se
them gloris Baners waivin in the Brees!
Ketch that disgustin smel ov sulfer wile your bout it!
Wots moar, reed bout 7000 noospapers
Al brethin 4th the moast enterprising centiments,
& givin the Suthern fiters the wust kind
ov fits.

stil kin you stan it, o mi mews?
list to your Pepper's axcents—tho I hese got
the Dip Theory bad. & so cant doo himself Gustis—
Doant mind wot he sed wen thay present no Wor:
tho fur frum Bein a Fool, he diden 4see
the pressent Redickylus asspec ov Affares,
utherwise you woodent hev ketcht him lettin
you of so esy.

air you goin to cave?
Remember Woshinton, Laffy Yet, & al
them smart Revolooshuners! them 4hers gloris Egle,
Hale columby, star spangled—

heer you cum!
so i wont harow up your feelins no further.

Say, did you heer a olmity feerce shrik
a cummin frum sum spot way overhead
along about the 19 ov last April?
1st i kind ov thougt twos HIOWOTHY
a yellin (thats mi dotter); But HANAH GANE
informd me with a smil the Aingle slep.
o then, sed i, mi love, lo, looc, Behoald!
she looct, & saw a 1st chop Egle, a pintin
as strate for Baltimoar as he cood fli!
a drop ov wotter techt mi HANAH's cheek:
Hese cryin, KAS! sed she. Hoo? PETE? sed i?
not *our* Egle, but our Kedentry's! she replide.
You no the casion ov them briny teers?
sed she, with granjur. i spoas i doo, sed i,
a feelin kind ov sic to mi stummick. fact is,
i never felt so misable in my life.
KAS, looc at me! sed HANAH GANE, with dignity
that Gloris wooman wos woth lookin at.
Youd otto seen them fine maternle fechurs!
i haint got much to say, sed she; but KAS,
i hoap your goin to folow that air Egle!
ide previsly maid up mi mind i wos;
But, fur a goak like, sed, Wot? leve mi HANAH,
& PETE, mi Egle,—& HIOWOTHY, mi Duo!
jes then, in cum brave PETE, mi 5-yere-oald,
His wite Hare fixt like a fitin Roosters coam,
His i a flashin (wot a pirfick Brick!)—
a carvin-nife attacht to his left side,
& waivin Stars & Strips, & steppin Prowd!
Hooray! pop PEPPER! lispt his childish axcents
He wos a vizzion ov inspirin Granjur!
Giv me a Gun! he yeld,—ime goin to Wor!
mi Braiv, Braiv Boy! sed HANAH, wipin his noas,
likewais the Briny Teers frum her Gloris Orbs,
Hese a Proffit! sed she. wi duz he git that nife,
agin my orders? cos hese got a Sole
that Spankin oany agervaits! o KAS,
Hese woth 1 duzzen ov you snekin men!
at wich i smild, & sed, with Prowd Rezzolushun
Hev Pashens, HANAH! your PEPPER aint no Sneak!
Wot! K. N. PEPPER not a Patrit? pish!
Doant suc no sech Pertenshuns mi Adoard 1!
Behoald that thare Prowd Egle! (not to say
PETE rite out, cos Flatery mite spile him),
aint i his pa?—yes, KAS, you air! sed she,—
Wal, wot air you a tockin about? sed i, a-smilin,
& a shakin hans cuite corjelly with boath Partys.
ast that air Gloris Berd (how diferent frum
the litle Berd a settin onto the Pickets!)
fast pintin fur the Drammy ov Seseshn
& squockin wen he smels the Sulfery Brees,—
ast *him*. Be4 he gits out o heerin, hoos Boosum
Hede rether rest in, ef he hed his Chois?
Hede say,—i aint tierd at pressent, But wen i Be,
mi tale this minnit pints to the individooal!
Becuz wi? Becuz his Hart—after Deducktin
your Fammily Shair—is olreddy Bleedin
a Stiddy Streem onto the Olter ov his Kedentry!
Becuz he goas for Union & doant Stop!
Becuz hese daly atact with Pane in Bowls,—
wich shows the Patrits arder hes Struc in!
Becuz (to Conclood—tho taint Becuz i must)
with sech a Unparaleld Wife & Egle Boy
Hede naterally noc the Spots of ov inferier
Patrits, with oany a Comon pardner & Ofspring!

this Apeel wos cuite 2 mutch. Boath Partys
looct Serprizd. PETE, shrikt HANAH, camly,
& Sunk onto a Banbox wich containd
Her best Bunnit. PETE he axidently cut hisself
With the Carvin-nife, & his yelin Brot
His Unparaleld ma to a cents ov her Condishn,
& the Condishn ov her Propperty. KAS, help me up!
She wisperd,—& wele col it a drawd Gaim.

i wep at this Magny Ninnity, & Rescude
Her hoo i Adoar—tho her naim aint Robert.
after wich we hugd; & disarmin the stil yellin
Egle—wich hed thus Shed its incent Blood
in the Sacrid Cos ov Libberty—set aroun
til supper-tim, & ate a harty Mele
cuite trankil.

nex Mornin i Enlisted.
mi Hart wos olmoast Bustin, and mi Pane
in Bowls cum on tremenjus; But i Stood it!

Coment aint Nessary, i shood thinc. with
feerfle camnes i announs ime Reddy
to Meat the Fo ! wair Doth he lurk ?

n. b. ef i fol, rap me in our Gloris Flag
& Berry me moast enywers. ile Bet,
Egle (not PETE) 'll Shrik Sum wen ime Gon !

THE BEST CROP OF THE SEASON.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

BUNGTOWN, S. C., May 25th.

DEAR VANITY :—Such times as I've had ! I was unable to write you last week. I am in the heart of the enemy's country, and they take every opportunity to incommode me. . .

But I am making rather a good thing of it. . .

I generally do.

After sending my men into camp at Washington, I picked a hundred of my old Zoo-zoo friends, and came down here into South Carolina, to travel a little. We were all disguised as tamborine-girls.

I never dreamed, my dear VANITY, that there was so much valuable property in the South.

If I had, I should have been here before.

Do you want me to send you anything nice? If you do, just let me know what, and I will get it for you.

I've got two mulatto preachers, one of whom is as much as I have any use for. If you would like the other, I'll send him on at once. He is a Methodist, and very eloquent, when sober.

Then I've got a bushel basket full of watches, and four tobacco-plantations.

My Lieutenant . . . formerly Commodore of my fleet . . . Signor COSPETTO DI VENDETTA . . . is delighted. He was on the road in Corsica for three or four years, but says he never saw such pickings anywhere, before.

As soon as the chivalry found out who we were, they seemed to lose all respect for us, and began to be very annoying. They hanged two of my men for inviting a fat ox and some poultry to supper in our quarters. This, I thought was inhospitable, so I burned the town down . . . Bowieknife Corner . . . and confiscated all the property within several miles.

They don't understand me yet :

I am only traveling for pleasure now. When I come to start my army this way, I will show them what fighting is !

Yesterday, I dined with Governor PICKENS. He sets a nice table, does the Gov., and has some splendid silverware. If you like, I will give you a couple of his spoons.

He thinks the South will whip in this war. I don't.

"You must know, my dear MAC," said the Gov., when the sherry came on ; "you must know that nearly all our soldiers are raw boys, unaccustomed to handling firearms. Now, when they get excited, as they're sure to in battle, they will be so careless with their muskets that, ten to one, some of your men will get shot. Your army had better stay in Washington."

This argument appears forcible, at first sight, but when you reflect that we also have many green troops, the case is as broad as it is long.

All battles cannot be so successful as that of Charleston Harbor. . .

Just as I wrote the last sentence, Governor PICKINS' body-servant, a very smart yellow boy, entered with a note from his master. It is as follows :

DEAR MAC :—A joke's a joke, you know. I'm not vexed. My boy will receive the spoons and all will be forgotten.

Your'n, PICKENS.

I have confiscated the servant, and sent these few words to his master :

DEAR PICK :—I give you twenty-four hours to write an apology in. My soldiers want a bonfire. Your house is wooden.

MAC.

I think that will fetch him, If not down goes his shanty !

He who would seek to cope with a MCARONE, must be a man of more than common mould. When I have captured the South . . . when my star-gemmed banner floats from every house in the land . . . when my laurel-crowned bust looks serenely down from every niche . . . when my name is coupled with a fervent blessing in the mouth of every man, woman, child, and negro . . . then, and then only, will I let him up.

Southrons, I come. . .

Tremble !

What is the price of good Virginia tobacco in New York now ? It is growing very dear down this way. Here is the last quotation, from the *Bungtown Clarion-Blast* of yesterday :

Prime, hhds.....100 at 102 g.
Middling, " .....73x. at 78½.
Thirds, exs.....40 at b 39½.
Etc,. etc.....X. Y. Z. &.

Did you ever see anything like it? I never did.

COSPETTA DI VENDETTA has just returned from a little sojourn in Montgomery. He was there one day, only. He found JEFF DAVIS and Gen. BEAUREGARD sitting on the steps of the Capitol, eating peanuts, and talking horse. He was desirous of conversing with them, but not understanding English nor any other language except Corsican and thieves' slang, he had difficulty.

Finally, FLOYD was sent for. Of course, he is perfectly conversant with the thief's vocabulary, and my Lieutenant had quite a chat with him.

"Did you grab your grigs ?" asked FLOYD.

"Yes, and sherried the peter," said my Lieutenant ; "but what's a cully to fake ? I am blix to sky, and want fardening."

"Nix my dolly pals," replied the light-fingered statesman.

This last expression may be considered decisive.

I think that when I get through loafing about here, I will sail my fleet against Montgomery. There is a bank there, and my men want a little pocket-money. ABE doesn't want me to go quite so fast at first, but I think I can show him a trick or two that he isn't up to, as yet.

My genius is not to be trammeled by a mere President.

When the proud bird of Jove soars skyward toward the azure empyrean, with the beams of Liberty gilding his massive pinions, he must soar unshackled.

The weather is very fine.

I must close. Some of my fellows have got on a spree, and want to hang a couple of editors. I must go and see about it. If I get there in time, I will save the poor devils. If not I want to see them swung off. These Zoo-zoos of mine are playful dogs ; they will have their practical jokes. After all, they are good children, and I am MCARONE.

The Half-Shell Banner.

Seven stars are awkward to arrange upon the union of a flag. There are not enough of them to form a star, or a decent circle, or a square, or any other geometrical figure. They *will* look lonesome, like a small galaxy of lost pleiades, being too few for the Union, and too many to go it alone. Like black sheep, they are quite lost in the Folds, and do not possess the glittering sheen that Our Thirty-four persist in flashing upon the winds of heaven. Plainly, the ensign of the Confederated States is an Ill Starred Flag !

Rebels versus Patriots.

The first come under our Ban : the second come under our Banner !

Sentiment ; by a Pennsylvanian.

The reign of Old King Cotton is over : now let us see what we can do for Old King Coal !